A CLOSED BOOK.

BY MARGARET VELEY.

I read it long ago, and as I read,
A world of wonder rose before my eyes
And widened into vastness, dimly spread
'Neath solemn skies.

Beyond the page my emulous desire
Divined the marvels of unwritten scenes—
I was ambitious, by the school-room fire,
Just in my teens!

Now, though the book has faded out of mind,
Though all that dreamy pageant I forget,
Its shadow lingers, vast and undefined,
And haunts me yet.

The far-off glory dies in pallid gleams—
Cannot a yearning sigh the flame restore?
Cannot I read again, and dream those dreams
Once more—once more?

Never. The child has passed away, the book
Is closed, and 'mid my childish memories laid,
With all its magic in it. I would look,
But am afraid.

Men do not name it 'mid immortal works,
And laggard Fame is slow to find it out,
Perhaps. And yet within my soul there lurks
Something of doubt.

How if the visions whose dim figures thickened
Round me, and thronged my yet unpeopled air—
How if the fear, whereat my pulses quickened,
Should not be there?

How if the shadow, awful in its gloom,
Were dwarfed and shriveled when the daylight dawned—
How if I smiled above the empty tomb—
How if I yawned?

How if I marveled at myself, and him
I honored once? Surely the Past might rise
In human shape, and look at me with dim,
Reproachful eyes,

Because for his enchantment long ago
I had no thanks to give in later days—
Oh dreams that flickered in the firelight glow,
Be his your praise!

He gave my fancy wings, and in its flight,
No fault, no failure, could it stoop to note;
Perhaps I read the book he meant to write,
Not that he wrote.

Why should the knowledge that in awe began
Be ended now in laughter barbed with pain?
And why take back the faith that never can
Be given again?

No, he shall keep it! Do not draw the curtain,
Let my dim wonder be a wonder still—
I will not read it—I am almost certain
I never will!

THE CRACKSMAN'S DEFEAT.

I don't suppose you feel much interested in burglars, nor are their habits a very choice theme in polite literature; but then that occurrence at Glen Spring was really an extraordinary affair. You see, the way I came to get wind of it was through "Calico Charley," as they called him. I was on the force then as a sergeant. That was when Acton and Kennedy made it too hot for both the politicians and the thieves. We used to boast at that time that we had the best police force in the world. Well, "Calico Charley" went up for ten years for helping to crack old Oppenheimer's place there in the Bowery. It was an unlucky job for him all through, and as I was one of the specials that "piped" and took him, and as I had known him off and on for a long time before that, it was just like me one day, when I was up at Sing Sing, to go over to the stone quarry and get the keeper to let me have a talk with him. I got his whole history. He wasn't one of your common cracksmen. Not a bit of it. He was too smart by a long shot for that sort of thing. Don't you run away with a notion that burglars are such awful smart chaps. That's a queer idea that people get out of the story papers. Let me tell you that I've had nigh onto fifteen years' chance to find out, and I've never seen one that wouldn't run his head into a slip-noose the minute he had the least luck. Oh, no. I heard the chaplain say once, over to the island, that a man whose mind and body were all right wouldn't be a thief no more'n a healthy fellow'd be a pauper. There's always something the matter with 'em. A twist in 'em somewhere that knocks 'em flat when a sound man gets after 'em.

Calico Charley, as I was going to say, was pretty much of an exception. He was brought up well. His father was one of the best machinists in the country, and he took more pains to make a man of his boy than the fellow deserved. The old man had a little place down there in Maiden lane when I was a shaver. I recollect it well. It was a kind of machine shop, where he made and sold three or four tricks he'd invented himself. He had the boy Charley with him—a bright, smart chap he was then. When he was 21 he got to be pretty lively about town, for the old man had saved up a handsome property and let Charley have more money than was good for him. Then they got up a new safe-lock, and it made a big stir, and I believe they went into that sort of thing pretty heavy. Any way Charley went over to the first world's fair in London. There he got tripped up. I never heard exactly how it was. They put up a job on him of some kind, and got him mixed up with a pretty bad London "mob." The story that we heard was that he picked a safe-lock for a party that shouldn't have been picked. Any way, he got in with the wrong crowd, and they wouldn't let go of him. He staid over there about five years, and got to be a regular first-class sneak, and worked half a dozen jobs in the most scientific manner. We got word from Scotland Yard that he was coming back, and I dropped in at the old man's place there in Maiden lane to try and find out something. Old Calcott (that was his name) had got rich. What with his bank lock and his other inventions, his mean way of living, and his luck in buying some down-town property before the people had an idea how big the city was going to be, he'd come to be a regular nabob. I couldn't get a word out of him about his boy. He said he'd given him up, and was going to retire from business. Money must have come in pretty fast to the old fellow. He showed me half a dozen patents that he was going to sell out; any one of 'em must have been worth a pile of dollars.

Now I think of it, it was Calcott who put the first Franklinite in an iron safe, and he invented the rubber flange which prevented the thieves from using the air-pump when they wanted to blow up a safe.

It seems that when young Calcott started for America he'd made up his mind to cut his London acquaintances and tricks, and square it by going back to the old man. None of us knew it at the time. Well, when he got here a curious thing happened. We had a man in the Central office by the name of Meehan, who was in with an East side mob. He was broke about a year afterward. Meehan had got word from the London gang, and he met young Calcott on the dock with facts enough to send him up; and he made a straight offer to him to stay with the East side gang if he didn't want to end his career for usefulness. What does Calcott do but hum and haw and go to see some of the fellows, and, finding himself pretty well staked out, gives in and opens a fresh lay of industry. He said afterward that he intended to cut 'em the first chance he got. But he never did. He got to be big chief in as dangerous a gang as ever worried the men in Mulberry street. We thought we had him two or three times, but he slipped through our fingers. There wasn't a clean job in iron put up anywhere but it had the marks of his tools on it. When the war broke out he was in New Orleans, and we lost track of him for five or six years.

It was in the winter of 1865 that the gentlemen's places along the Hudson were broken into by a river gang. You may recollect it. Judge Schermerhorn's house at Glen Spring was entered one night and robbed of $50,000 worth of property. The papers made a good deal of fuss about it, and we had three or four men working at it. One day Mattison comes into the office with a copy of the Glen Spring paper—*Herald*, I believe it was—and says: "Look at this. Here's a go. Read that." And he pointed out an advertisement. This is the way it read:

"All burglars, house-breakers, sneak-thieves, and assassins are hereby notified that I have over $60,000 worth of coin, jewels, and silverware in my house, which they are welcome to if they will come and take it. No dogs, servants, or laborers about the place. The house is a mile from any other residence, and the only occupant is an old man, not in very good health, by the name of

"JOHN CALCOTT."

"It's some old lunatic," says I, "who hasn't got money enough to get credit."

"No," says Mattison. "They say up there he's worth half a million. He lives in a fine house all by himself about two miles from the depot."

It was a three days' talk in the office and then we forgot it. But the advertisement was kept in the paper, and one day it seems Tony Frost, down at Dobbs' ferry, struck it. That was the way it got to the gang. They pooh-poohed it as "chaff," but Frost it seems went up to Glen Spring, poked about, reconnoitered the premises, and came down to the city with a big yarn for his pals. His report was that the old "luny" had got a sign on his fence informing everybody that passed that here was the unprotected house full of valuables that the river gang didn't dare to walk into. He was sure, too, that there wasn't any gammon about the stuff, for he'd found out that old Calcott was immensely rich, and kept nearly all his wealth in his house.

Now I don't suppose it's reasonable that a regular cracksman should bite at such bait as this; but Tony Frost kept poking away at it, and one day somebody in the gang said it was too much to have the profession insulted in that way, unless they were all afraid of the old duffer. After that Tony Frost went to the house, got up as a tramp, and tried the back door. The moment he knocked it flew open, and an old man's voice hailed him over the stairs, "Hallo there; what d' you want?"

"Summat to eat, if yer please," says Tony, shuffling in and taking a good look around.

"Go down and try the kitchen," shouts the old man, "and don't stand gaping round that way. There's bread down stairs. If you want to examine the house, come up when your belly's full, and I'll show it to you."

With that Tony goes down the way he came and walks into the kitchen, where a little girl was washing dishes. She gave him some bread and meat and talked quite freely. To his astonishment, she told him that the old man had lots of money in the house. She'd seen it. She also told him that she lived in the village and went home every night. He must have made a favorable report, because it wasn't long after that when Bill Ketchum, who was the ringleader of the river gang, thought he'd take a look at the house. So up he goes, playing the part of a peddler, and drops the neatest little pack in front of the place when he sees the sign. There it was, sure enough, nicely lettered in red on a white ground, and inviting all burglars, house-breakers, sneak-thieves and assassins to come in and take what they could get. The house stood a good ways back from the road, and as Bill went up the wide path he had a good chance to take in the dwelling. It was a large brick house with a high stone foundation and an iron stoop. There wasn't a shutter, a pair of blinds, on the place. And if anybody had tried to set it afire he would have given up the job as a bad one.

Ketchum got in through the kitchen. He had a lot of things in his pack that tickled the fancy of the girl, and he let her amuse herself with them while he ate a sandwich she had given him, and asked her a lot of sly questions. But he couldn't get much out of her, simply because she didn't know anything, so he made up his mind to interview the old man, and pokes about till he got up stairs, and was hailed over the balusters, "Well, now then, what do *you* want, hey?"

"Nish gloves, necktise, soaps, sheep," says Ketchum, pushing up.

"Didn't you read the warning to peddlers on the fence. Ain't you afraid of the dogs?" shouted the old man.

"Warnin'!" says Bill, giving himself away.

"All right," sings out the old man, quicker than lightning. "You're no peddler. You want to see my property. Come up. I'll show it to you."

"Well, this stumped Bill a good deal, but he plucked up and followed Calcott into the upper room, keeping one eye round him and taking in everything, but making a great show of trade.

"This room," says Calcott, "is where I sleep. There isn't any lock on the door, and this room is where I keep my money. Here, I'll show what's in it—stand still—because when I pull the door open it starts a telegraph machine, and three of the best men in the county start from the village—they're officers." With that he jerked the door open.

Bill was a little nervous, and he couldn't help showing it.

"If any of your gang should come here at night I'll put you up to a trick—cut the wires first; they run across the road below the big gate. Don't be nervous. Do you see that?—it's gold. Feel the weight of it. These are diamonds. Can you tell a real spark when you see it? I should say they were worth, in the market, between $30,000 and $40,000."

The old man kept up this kind of patter, standing there in his old calico wrapper, Bill Ketchum watching him with one eye, and wondering whether he was insane or just the smartest man he'd ever met. He had an idea that it was just the easiest thing to knock him over as he stood there and walk off with the plunder. But that hint about the telegraph stopped him. Then the old man showed him out, and when he got into the hall he says: "You're the first peddler I ever saw that carried a revolver in his breast-pocket."

Bill started a little, for he had an idea that Calcott must have seen it.

"Ho, ho!" says the old man; "so you *have* got one?"

The last thing he said to him as he was going down the steps was: "You're not smart enough for this job, my man."

Ketchum told his fellows that he was never so clean-winded in his life. "I felt so mean when I was coming away," says he, "that I'd half a mind to reform and cut the profession."

Well, not to make the story too long, the upshot of it was that Ketchum, a fellow by the name of Welter, and Jack Frost put up the job to crack the old man's place. Ketchum and Frost, I think, went into the business from a kind of pride. They considered they had been challenged, and it was a point of honor to take the old man at his word.

They got up there one dark night in May and laid by till long after midnight. Then they got over the fence and sneaked up to the house. They were all heavily armed, and, I forgot to say, were delayed some time looking for the telegraph wire, which they couldn't find, of course, there not being any. Fancy their surprise when, after crawling round the place, looking for a soft place to break in, they found that the front door was unlocked and the hall dark. It had been agreed that old Calcott should be shot at sight if he interfered.

There was a good deal of anxiety in the headquarters of the gang that night, for this job had been talked about a good while, and Ketchum had staked his reputation on it. Dutch Morley was to be at a point in the road about two miles north of the house with a fast team to carry off the "swag," and arrangements had been made at Dobbs' ferry to divy and cut.

Dutch Morley waited till day began to break, and then only two of his men turned up. They were covered with blood, and one of them had his arm broken. Welter had been left behind disabled. The story they told was a curious one. The whole gang got round them when they reached their dive, and put the questions to them fast and thick.

"But you fixed the old fellow's flint, anyhow?" said somebody.

"We didn't see him at all," answered Ketchum, dolefully. "No, d—n it, we were in the dark. Why a lamp wouldn't burn any more'n a stone. We liked to suffocate."

"Oh, that's thin," says another; "why didn't you go out in the air?"

"Because we couldn't get out; were fastened in like rats. Every winder and door closed up with a steel shutter on the inside as tight as a rich man's pocket. There was only one way out—down a back staircase outside, about twelve inches wide; only one of us could go at a time, and when we reached the bottom something fell on us in turn."

That was Ketchum's account of it. Frost was the only plucky one of the lot. He didn't believe in witchcraft, and he vowed he would get square on Old Calcott.

With that he sets out to find Calico Charley, who was the best man in the business where there were iron shutters concerned.

The very next day but one after this attempt on Calcott's house the Glen Spring *Herald* (I think it was the *Herald*) had another notice like this:

The attempt to rob my house on Thursday night, which failed so completely, should not frighten other thieves from making the trial. For the next thirty days there will be more gold and silver on the premises than ever before. JOHN CALCOTT.

Frost got hold of Calico Charley and explained the whole thing to him. None of the gang knew Charley's right name, and I don't think he was told the name of the man they were to rob. Frost explained to him that it was the steel shutters that "knocked them," and he thought now they knew the trick one of them could wedge the iron and keep the exit open while the others secured the property. At all events, the two men cooked up a new job and made sure that they would haul the whole pile, as we say. Charley, who was a careful worker, went at the thing systematically, got his tools ready, sent Frost off to reconnoiter, and talked very little. They were about two weeks getting ready. In spite of all their plans to keep it dark, the gang got wind of the affair, and of course they were all very anxious to see how it would come out.

Charley and his pal went up to a little station about three miles north of Glen Spring, and started down at night on foot. It was so dark when they got to the house that they could not see the sign. There wasn't the glimmer of a light about the place. They were to go softly up and try the front door. If it opened, they were to step inside quickly. One of them was to stay at the door to keep the egress open; the other was to go up stairs and secure the valuables. They had two jimmies, a cold chisel and a lot of other traps of Charley's, that you can see down there at the Central office, in a glass case.

They found the front door unfastened as before. Charley pushed it open, and they both stepped quickly and stealthily into the hallway. "Wait a moment," he whispered to his companion, and striking a match; "I want to see how this thing works." With that he struck a light and took a good look at the doorway. "I see the trick," says he; "give me that screw-wrench and be quick." In less than two minutes he had the groove in which the steel shutter moved so pinched that no earthly power could have made the thing work. "Now go on," says he, and with that Frost crawls up the stairway. He hadn't any more than got up to the top when the iron shutter began to appear—coming up through the floor, and to Charley's astonishment it came down from above also. He saw in a minute that he was beaten. The two halves of the shutter would come to the pinch in the iron and leave not six inches space—through which no human being could escape. So he jams the jimmy up right into the groove to keep the irons apart, and calls out to Frost in a hoarse whisper to come back. Jack was in the upper hall, and, getting scared, makes a bold rush down the stairs, catches his foot in something and lands all in a heap at the bottom, knocking Charley's light into smithereens and making a most infernal noise. Calcott was smart enough, though, to hold his jimmy steady so as to keep the shutters apart, and after Frost had picked himself up and they had both listened, without hearing anything, one of 'em says with an oath. "We're in a box; let's get out." It was Frost. "No you don't," says the other. "We've come for the stuff this time. I never was beaten yet at this sort of a game, and I ain't beat yet. Take your shooter, follow me up and show me the way."

They got up to the top of the stairs. It was still as death, and Calcott lights a bull's-eye. Frost was getting pretty shaky. So Charley says, "Show me the room," and with his lamp in one hand and a pistol in the other he pushes in, leaving Frost there in the hall watching the square hole in the door, between the shutters, and expecting every minute that it would close up. It must have been ten minutes before Calcott came back. He had the lamp in hand yet, and Frost saw that he was as white as a sheet. All he said was, "Come down, it's no go."

When they got to the bottom, the shutters separated and disappeared, and the men walked out. "Where's the plunder?" asked Frost. "I haven't it," says Charley; "I tell you it's no use—the man is burglar-proof. If you don't believe it, go back and try it yourself. I'm off!"

With this cock-and-bull story they got back to their rendezvous. And it was never known, I don't believe, till I interviewed Calico Charley up there at the prison, that he had met his own father that night. According to Charley's story to me—the old man said he was waiting for him. And so struck was the son with remorse that he lost all his pluck and coolness. Whether he ever went back to the old man after he got rid of his pal I never heard. But the gang had two notions; one was that the place was under special charge of the devil, and the other was that Calico Charley grabbed a lot of the plunder and then got up the story to stop the mouths of the rest of 'em.

But the devil had nothing to do with the place. It was all fixed by the old man's ingenuity. The house was all wires and levers from one end to t'other. He could turn a crank up in his bedroom and shut the whole house up as tight as a drum. Then he'd slip down into his cellar, turn a half ton of charcoal into his furnace and kill everybody in the place, unless everybody crawled out of the one exit, and then the old fellow had them at his mercy, one by one.

The last time I heard from Charley the Warden said he had invented a new catch-lock for the cells that could not be opened by any one but the keeper without its ringing the alarm bell.—*New York World.*

Land-Owners in Great Britain.

The total number of land-owners in the United Kingdom has already been shown to be under 200,000. Of these, 523 peers own between them one-fifth of the total area of the three countries, exclusive of manorial wastes and woods, of which they may be possessed; 5,000 persons own about two-thirds of the whole area, averaging 10,000 acres each; and 10,000 persons own about three-fourths, averaging 5,000 acres each. Dividing the owners of land into four classes, there are 5,000 large proprietors, averaging 10,000 acres each; 12,000 medium-sized proprietors or squires, with from 500 to 2,000 acres each; 52,000 persons owning from 50 to 500 acres each; and 130,000 owning less than 50 acres each. The proportions of these classes vary very much in the three countries. In Scotland, more than half the land consists of mountain and moor, of very little agricultural value, and held in immense blocks. The remaining half is owned by a very small number of persons; the classes of yeomen and peasant proprietors do not exist there. The same must be said of Ireland, where, notwithstanding the effects of the Encumbered Estates act, under which, since 1848, upward of one-sixth of the country has been sold, the number of landowners is most conspicuously small. In England the number is proportionally larger than in the other two countries. The class of yeomen still exists in some parts of it, and there is also a certain number of smaller proprietors. These, however, cannot be ranked as a class of peasant proprietors. Such a class does not exist in England. The small properties are for the most part in the neighborhood of towns, where they consist of villas, market gardens, or other small plots.—*Fortnightly Review.*

Wonderful Gas-Jets.

While boring for oil two miles from Bradford, Pa., in the early part of October last, an immense vein of gas was struck at a depth of 810 feet, so strong as to render further drilling impossible. Running from the well are two two-inch pipes, attached to which are three gas-jets of the same size, the gas belching forth from these pipes with such a terrific rush and noise as to render conversation, pitched in the ordinary tone, inaudible for fully one-fourth of a mile away. The blaze from each of the three pipes is sent by the force of the gas to a height of from twenty-five to forty feet, the heat being so intense as to melt the snow entirely away for a distance of at least 100 feet, and also keeping the ground so warm during all the cold weather of the winter that grass, strawberry vines, and other plants may grow. In many places, where the crowd of sight-seers have worn the ground, it is very dusty. The light is so strong that a newspaper may be read half a mile away. On very dark nights the illumination is grand. The light has frequently been seen in Ocean, Salamanca, and other towns twenty miles away.

IT is said that Earl Dudley, of England, who is 60 years old, has offered to wager $25,000 to $25 that the son of Napoleon III. will be officially proclaimed Emperor of France during the Earl's lifetime, and that the odds were at once accepted by the Prince of Wales and three other persons.

M. DE CASSAGNAC, the Bonapartist champion, has openly thrown down the gauntlet to the republic by maintaining in the *Pays* that the son of Napoleon III. will return triumphantly to the imperial throne of France within three years.

MODEL MANUFACTURER.

The Romance of Commerce as Shown in the Career of Sir Titus Salt.

[From the London Telegraph, Dec. 30.]

With the death of Sir Titus Salt, Baronet, ends a career which may not inaptly be said to belong to the romance of commerce; for the story of how the owner of Saltaire made his fortune is indeed singular. Many years ago there were consigned to a firm of merchants in Liverpool several bales of some strange hairy wool from Australia. Nobody had ever seen the like of it before; nobody thought much of it; and thus it laid stowed away in a shed on the docks as though it were so much lumber. It happened one day that Mr. Titus Salt, a small manufacturer of Yorkshire, was in Liverpool, and, wandering about the docks, he chanced to come across this neglected consignment of seeming rubbish. He examined it, however, and asked if he might be allowed to take some of it away with him. Of course he obtained permission to carry off as much as he pleased. What he did with the sample he thus procured need not be told. Suffice it to say that he came back again, offered to purchase the whole of the "rubbish," and became its possessor for a merely nominal sum. This hairy wool, this trash which no one would even look at as a marketable commodity, and of which Mr. Titus Salt secured the monopoly, was alapaca. Such was the way in which the fortunes of the great manufacturer and millionaire, who died at his seat, Crowsnest, near Halifax, yesterday, were founded. For years Mr. Salt and his family were the sole makers of that useful material which has grown to be something like a rival to cotton; and on the strength of the valuable patent they thus acquired they built a factory which, with extensions, has become one of the largest in England.

This huge hive of industry, conspicuous as it is to the eye of the passing traveler, is not, however, the most remarkable feature of Saltaire. Surrounding the vast factory is a large village, or small town, containing many thousand inhabitants, every one of whom, of working age, is somehow employed at the big alpaca mill. Sir Titus Salt was the sole landlord of this busy community, and the manner in which he discharged his responsibilities as such is one of the most notable facts of his times. At his own expense, and under his personal supervision he provided everything that seemed necessary for the moral and material well-being of his little kingdom. He built for his people baths and washhouses, schools and places of recreation; he erected a mechanics' institute, the appointments of which will compare with those of a fashionable club, and he also caused to be constructed a chapel attached to the Congregationalist body, of which all that can be said in the way of objection is that it is only too splendid. Saltaire, in short, has been established on what may be called a basis of practical philanthropy, while a laudable attempt to guard the morals of its inhabitants has been made in the rigid exclusion from the place of all public traffic in intoxicating liquors. In these things Sir Titus Salt both meant well and did well. Personally he was an intelligent, kind-hearted man, a progressive politician, a munificent contributor to public charities, and a zealous promoter of popular education. His life has been useful in many ways. He made his fortune by the introduction of a beautiful and valuable commodity, and he spent a large portion of it in doing substantial good to those he at once employed and served. In the history of the manufacturing industry of England, few names will have so high a place of honor as that of Titus Salt.

A Wonderful Invention.

The French papers tell us of a wonderful invention, which will enable the feeblest among us to "witch the world with noble coachmanship." The horse of the future is not to be driven by ordinary reins, but by electricity combined with them. The coachman is to have under his seat an electro-magnetic apparatus, which he works by a little handle. One wire is carried through the rein to the bit and another to the crupper, so that a current once set up goes the entire length of the animal along the spine. A sudden shock will, we are gravely assured, stop the most violent runaway or the most obstinate jibber. The creature, however strong and however vicious, is "at once transformed into a sort of inoffensive horse of wood, with the feet firmly nailed to the ground." Curiously enough, the opposite effect may be produced by a succession of small shocks. Under the influence of these the veriest screw can be suddenly endowed with a vigor and fire indescribable, and even the Rosinante of Don Quixote would gallop like a Derby winner.—*New York News.*

Another Reported Human Petrification.

On the 23d of June last J. L. Rastner died of abscess of the liver. He was buried in the Masonic cemetery, in a wooden coffin, confined in the usual outer case. On Thursday of last week an undertaker of San Francisco had the body removed to that city. The outer case, when reached, broke through; but on opening the coffin the corpse was found to be perfectly petrified, and retaining, even to the whiskers and hair, a perfectly natural appearance. The body was in such a condition as to permit its being raised at the head and stood on its feet and handled as one would a statue. It was shipped as freight, inclosed in a common wooden box, and weighing, box included, 200 pounds. At the time of his death deceased weighed 140 pounds, and as the box the body was shipped in could not have weighed over sixty pounds, the body seems to have lost nothing in weight during its six months' burial.—*Lake County (Cal.) Democrat.*

Women.

A German Professor, who rejects Malthusian doctrines, computes that, taking the world for an average, a woman is worth about one-eighth of a man. He thinks there are at least 250,000,000 unmarried women in the world. As a rule, out of Europe, horses are more valuable than members of the fair sex. However, Esquimaux women are scarce, and each one is probably worth two men. In new settlements, such as many in California, a woman rises vastly in estimation—sometimes outvaluing even men—and it is to be hoped that the women appreciate their appreciation.—*Boston Advertiser.*

IN THE MORNING.

[After that Waltz of Von Weber's.]

"*Lex scripta*, the written, the written, the statute,
Non scripta, *non scripta*, the unwritten law,
Include, and include, and, not only the customs
Of certain, and certain, and certain"——oh pshaw!

Here now I am reading this chapter of Blackstone
To the time, to the time, of the waltzes last night;
Von Weber, Von Weber! and Blackstone, and Blackstone!
I wonder why waltzes won't stop after light.

Ah, me, how we floated together, together,
Adown and adown the bright depths of the room
All under and under the wreathing of banners,
And into perfumeland of bloom and of bloom.

As one and as one—and our soul, the mad music—
Her heart beating time unto mine, unto mine,
We waltzed away, waltzed away, out of the finite,
Afar and afar into——Bosh! it is nine.

And here is my Blackstone awaiting my pleasure—
Ah, well, I suppose it is time now for *it*;
I forgot in the dance I was briefless, and now I'll
Forget the dance too—"*Lex scripta*, the writ—"
—*T. H. Robinson, in Scribner's Monthly.*

WIT AND HUMOR.

IT is nothing to see a woman pick up a flat-iron, but there's everything in guessing where she will put it down.

"MAMMA, go down on your hands and knees a minute, please." "What on earth shall I do that for, pet?" "'Cause I want to draw an elephant."

ANOTHER reason why it looks as if spring was at hand—fellows tread on an orange peel and glide into the gutter just the same as they do in May.

IT has been decided that a man can legally kiss the hired girl, if he can prove that he mistook her for his wife, but how shall that profit the man when he finds himself with only one eye, and no hair on his head?

"THOMAS, of what fruit is cider made?" "Don't know, sir." "Why, what a stupid boy! What did you get when you robbed Farmer Jones' orchard?" "I got a thrashing, sir."

"MRS. SPINKS," observed a boarder to his landlady, "the equal adjustment of this establishment could be more safely secured if there was less hair in the hash and more in the mattresses."

A NEGRO was put on the stand as a witness, and the Judge inquired if he understood the nature of an oath. "For certain, boss," said the citizen, "if I swear to a lie, I must stick to him!"

IT was a New Jersey boy who, having done some wicked thing and being asked whether he did not want to go to heaven, replied: "No; I don't want to get my fingers sore playing on an old harp."

LITTLE Robbie went to a show, and saw an elephant for the first time in his life. When he came home his mother asked him what he had seen. "An elephant, mamma, that gobbled hay with his front tail."

A CHICAGO man who was detected in an attempt to conceal a deep excavation in his front yard by a thin covering of lath and snow, finally admitted that he was building an Ashtabula bridge for his mother-in-law.

A YOUNG lady of Norfolk was so agitated while dancing with the Grand Duke that she fainted in his arms. The scion of nobility merely passed her over to one of the old ladies with the remark, "Toodamthinovitch," and secured another partner.

AN editor on the frontier, says an exchange, became martial, and was made Captain. On parade, instead of "Two paces in front—advance!" he unconsciously exclaimed, "Cash—$2 a year in advance." He was court-martialed and sentenced to read his own papers.

BROWN has just asked his new slavey (whom he has had specially from the country so she shall be free from London servants' tricks) if she is sure she posted that important letter all right last night. Here's her reply: "Yes, sir; I put it into the letter-box in the 'all-door, sir. But it ain't gone yet, sir."—*London Fun.*

MANY years ago a well-to-do farmer left Hawesville, Ky., to better his fortunes in the West. He had nearly passed from the memory of all. The hearts of his friends beat with joy when they heard that a postal-card had been received, saying that if he had not lost his citizenship he would like to be admitted to the poor-house.

THERE is one advantage in having a wooden leg rather than a set of false teeth. A man is never in danger of sneezing it off into somebody's lap in a street car, and it isn't so liable to come down and choke him off just as he is beginning to sing for a numerous and expectant company. But then, it is more unhandy when a fellow wants to kiss somebody or ride horseback.

THE quality of pulpit eulogy is sometimes strained. A pastor in Macon, Ga., was recently called upon to make a few remarks on the character of a colored class-leader who had visited a brother's hen-roost surreptitiously, fallen unexpectedly and broken his neck unremediably. The pastor made rather a bungling job of it: "There are circumstances connected with his death that are perplexing. If, after he fell and before he struck the ground, he repented of his sins, there can be no question but that he is now in glory; but there was mighty little time for him to think about it."

Imports and Exports.

This little table of imports is suggestive as showing that we are buying less merchandise from abroad, but receiving more specie. Imports:

	1876.	1875.	Decrease.
Merchandise	$426,612,706	$503,010,181	$76,397,475
Specie	34,479,397	22,775,949	11,703,448
Total	$461,092,103	$525,786,130	$64,694,027

The decrease of goods exceeded $76,000,000 as compared with the previous year, whereas the imports of coin increase nearly $12,000,000. The comparison of exports is as follows for the last two calendar years, gold values:

	1876.	1875.	Changes.
Domestic produce	$575,888,040	$497,263,734	$78,624,303
Foreign mdse	14,925,743	13,665,695	1,260,058
Total goods	$590,822,783	$510,947,422	$79,874,361
Specie	56,354,065	79,303,514	22,949,049
Total	$646,976,348	$590,250,936	$56,725,312

Here we find an increase of exports of products for 1876 over 1875 of $78,500,000, whereas the export of coin is $23,000,000 less; but during the last six months, between July 1 and Jan. 1, the imports of coin have actually exceeded the exports thereof by $6,192,147. During this period our mines produced coin at the rate of say $8,000,000 a month, so there must be between $50,000,000 and $60,000,000 more coin in this country now than there was on the 1st of July last.—*Chicago Tribune.*